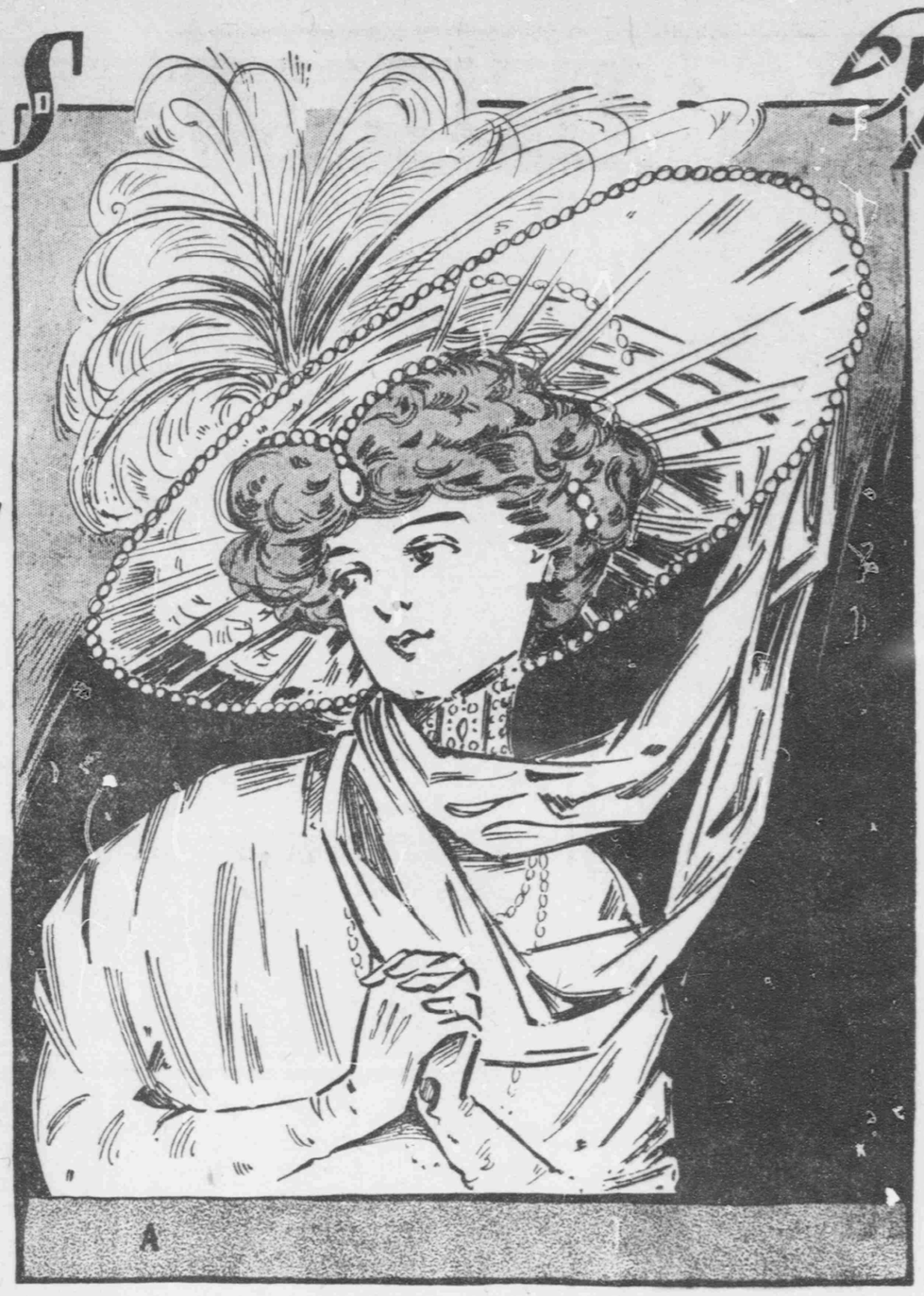
JUST HATS

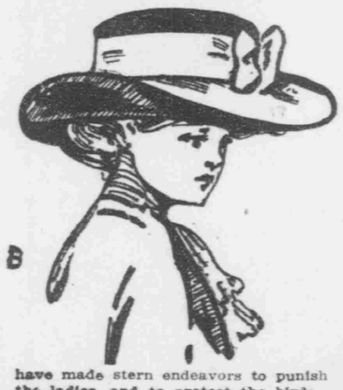
A Frenzied Feather Season. Dancing Dandies Robbed of Plumage. Ospreys and Birds-of-Paradise Used Prodigally in Spite of World-Wide Protest. Large Hats the Rule.



By Mrs. Cholly Knickerbocker.

Small Hats Charming Exceptions That Prove the Rule. Streamers Wound Around the Arm and Fastened with a Jewel. Satin-Covered Hats Faced with Thick, Shaggy Beaver.

WORLD-WIDE has been the movement in behalf of the bird of paradise and the beauteous, piteous creature from which the osprey is plucked at the time she guards her young. Her majesty, Queen Alexandra, in a manner as wrathful as regality will allow, sent forth to all the women of the British empire the edict that whosoever, no matter how greatsoever wore an osprey or a paradise plume in her hair, should be frowned upon by the royal eye. In this country both publishers and preachers have been highly excited in regard to woman's cruelty and vanity, and both the makers of the law and the executors of the law



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have made stern endeavors to punish the ladies, and to protect the birds—though, as Cholly, my husband, says, they usually like to nourish the ladies and to provide the birds plus the bottle that is cold. Cholly is so clever.

But really (excepting the last sentence) this begins to sound like a graduation day essay, so I must hurry on to hats and treat the subject lightly. First, however, I want to tell you about that ludicrous country sheriff who lived in central New York. It all happened not long after they passed a law somewhere to the effect that milliners selling hats with ospreys should be brought before the court. Well, the sheriff, who had just had a fine dinner of broiled chicken (or maybe roasted robins, for they are considered toothsome bits by those country bred), took his coat down (being well nourished and ready for action) from the hook and set forth to arrest the village milliner—the first tradeswoman to suffer from the newly made law. He entered her shop, he bullied her into a faint, he wrought havoc with all her best $2.69 creations.

Poor little milliner! And she never knew whether the gew-gaws on her hats grew on a bird, a breast or a bush. Foolish sheriff. Robins for the eating may be had for the shooting, but ospreys and paradise plumes such as the village milliner displays are all awkward imitations and pulled from the tails of the turkey, the cockerel and the useful hen whom you often fatten for the Sunday dinner. In New York, the latest rebuke to women in regard to their cruelty and vanity is the glass case in the Museum of Natural History containing a family of birds of paradise caught on the island of New Guinea. (Doesn't this sound, as I said, like a graduation essay?)

Cholly says if I continue my dissertation on the fashions I'll soon be able to take a part in the stump-rage—not the stump, the suffrage movement.) Mrs. Frank D. Sturgis, of New York and Lenox, had the case put there for a noble purpose. Placards attached to the case tell all about the birds, and I hear that Mrs. Sturgis really can't sleep nights for worry over their welfare. And she'll worry all the more very shortly, for this is a frenzied feather season in New York.

The paradise plumage, let it be explained, in my best essay style (for I believe there is a complaint that I take fashions too frivolously), is taken from the male bird, for the lady birds all have a humble dull brown dress. The gray male birds have gorgeous plumage and they have a fine habit of dancing pompously and with golden fanlike plumage outspread wherever there are any little brown ladies perched about to admire them. So when it comes to cruelty, it is vanity for vanity, and the male bird is killed. The whole cause of the worry lies in the fact that the species will soon be extinct. And now we have it. Now we know why Mrs. Sturgis worries so. It is all on our account, not for the sake of the dancing dandies. She is afraid that the birds of paradise will be extinct, and we shall all be so disappointed if ever we go to New Guinea to spend our vacations and find no dancing dandies hopping about from bush to tree.

But stubbornly, stubbornly, in spite of the Queen and Mrs. Sturgis, naughty women say better a bird on the hat than in the bush in far away New Guinea. And such a frenzy in feathers. Cassowary tipped with ostrich tendrills, goura feathers mingled with aigrettes, a bird of paradise veiling a plume, feathers upon feathers, and birds of altogether different feathers gathered together on one hat.

The goura feathers (my obliging husband Cholly, helped me to look it up in the encyclopedia) come from the crowned pigeon. There is only a small tuft on the head of each bird, and a little sprig costs a fearful sum. Few women there are who can afford a handful, much less a hatful. Now the cassowary has not yet sought the protection of either Mrs. Sturgis or the Queen, for the cassowary is a bird of great power, and in this case only human life is in danger. There is no cruelty to the bird, only to the man who, perhaps, is forced to earn his living chasing tail feathers for a hat—only a brown-skinned native, so the great ladies are not worried a bit. It will doubtless cost as much to sew on a large hat cassowary, osprey, and paradise plumes of the quantity prescribed by fashion as to sow wheat on acres of land. Many a poor farmer if he could plant

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his land as plenteously as a woman does her new hat would feel himself the lord of the manor. On a great, wide beaver (see illustration H) there is a great, waving field of osprey feathers. The beaver this year has a long furry pile. Often a satin hat, say of antique green, is faced with black beaver, or a toque is made entirely of the shaggy material draped in curious ways and piled very high.

The Hiawatha or Indian headdress bands give the most savage effect yet seen in New York, though these bands are innocent and harmless so far as the killing of rare birds goes. The knife-like feathers or quills are probably from a chicken or turkey that has been killed for eating. They stand upward like a picket fence and higher at the left side. These decorations the autumn girl will be able to buy and to apply to hats, the crowns of which are either high or low and the brims either narrow or wide. You may look at the pictures of Indian braves as they drive forth to a war dance in full regalia and select any headdress you choose.

Poor Polly! She, too, it seems, has been included in the massacre, and somehow we women of the weak minded sort feel more sorry for Polly than for the dancing dandies of New Guinea, the Labrador ducks, and the Auckland game birds, some of which are already extinct. Charity begins at home, and why bother about dancing dandies when birds with whom we have a personal acquaintance—and of so many babies—are having a hard time in this country? The emerald green plumage may not always come from Polly, but only from some poor squawking hen who died not only in the cause of adornment, but also that of nourishment. See, for example, the hat of brown otter skin velvet (illustration C) with a band of liberty satin and the bird part green and part black.

A parrot perhaps is grafted to a crow. With a parrot in her hat, the girl who likes to be the cynosure of astonished eyes will have a large, almost life-size, parrot on the handle of her parasol. Mrs. Glen Collins made a great stir in Grace Church as she went up the central aisle at a wedding in June. On her right hand, so all the end-seat gossips saw, there was a fat cockatoo of green, red, and yellow plumage. Harry Lehr sometimes carried a parrot on his hand, but this was outrageous! To go up the church aisle with a parrot perched on her hand like a falcon! Well, when Natalie came out and stood waiting for her carriage, I soon saw that her parrot was a large bird of wood, perched on the top of her parasol handle, her hand going below the body. Mrs. R. Fulton Cutting also has this parrot fad and the gay green birds will be seen on winter umbrellas.

The hat with streamers is one of the blessings from abroad. One can use the streamers in all sorts of age-disguising ways. They can be brought around the throat and conceal that little place below the ear where the age is quickly revealed, not merely to physicians, but to all men keen of eye. For instance, a silk-covered hat (see picture D) has lustrous streamers of black liberty satin. These can be wound around the arm and pinned to the shoulder with a jewel. Sometimes on a large hat the streamers

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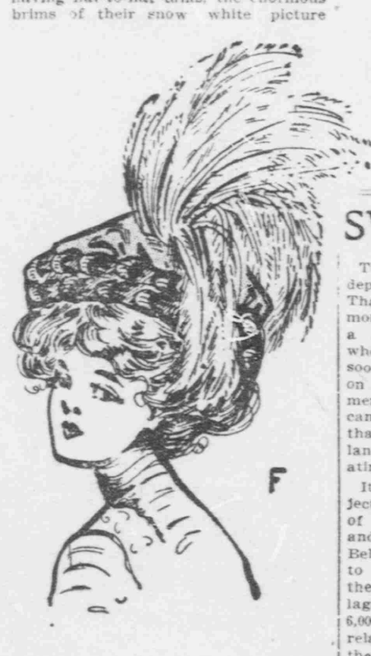

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A—A Large Picture Hat of White Tulle, the Brim Edged with Brilliants, White Tulle and String of Diamonds in Hair. White Tulle Streamers and White Ospreys Used Extravagantly.

B—A Severe English Hat of Black Patent Leather with White Suede Band and Bow.

C—A Hat of Otterskin Velvet Trimmed with Band of Liberty Satin and a Green and Black Bird.

D—A High-Crowned Hat Covered with Gray Bengaline Silk. Black Plumes and Black Streamers.

E—A Theatre-Hood of Old-Rose Silk Trimmed with Pink Roses. It is Wired and Large so That the Hair Will Not Be Crushed or Disaranged.

F—A Tallien Toque of Gray Ottoman Silk with Three Rows of Black Chiffon and Chenille in Puffings, Black Paardise Plume Veiling Orange Osprey.

G—A Directoire Bonnet Copied After an Historic Model.

H—A Large Gray Beaver Covered with Ospreys Streaming Over Brim in Back.

frequently the sign of a secret society.

Of the smaller hats the Tallien toque is a good example. This, too, has much feathery trimming. Nowhere does one find proof that the small hat will take the place of that of great dimensions. The small hats are only exceptions that prove the rule. As for pill-box hats none of our milliners now saw one, and no one in society will wear one. There was, to be sure, the little English sailor worn by Lady Augusta Fane, but this, too, was only an exception and not a charming one at that. Mrs. Lydig's hat brims have been expanding, and she usually wears a veil of zig-zag design that completely conceals her features. Young Mrs. Charles Gilpin, of Philadelphia, however, wears the largest hats ever seen in this country. Sensible, practical Mr. E. J. Berwind is her uncle. He really should scold her a bit. At a table, the circumference of which would equal that of her astonishing hats, two people could have eaten luncheon very comfortably, have room for the plates, the salad, and a fernery in the center.

As the result of the Directoire styles there is now the plateau, a flat disc without a crown, which, when made up, is in shape like a grocer's scale inverted. It is usually covered with

come through slits in the brim halfway between the coiffure and edge of the hat.

The glorious but spectacular hat seen in illustration A is a chapeau that was designed for the Countess Greffulhe, of Versailles, who wears gowns made of yards of tulle swathed about her and knotted but never hemmed or sewn. The hat in the picture is of white tulle, and to the edge of the brim brilliants are attached, while the jewels that lie on her hair are diamonds of the first water. On the pompadour, in the center above the forehead, lies a pear-shaped pearl suggestive of the romantic fashion of ancient times in Italy. In those days the jewel that lay on the forehead (not on the hair) always had a mysterious significance. It was often worn by an affinity and had a meaning for those who loved, sub rosa, and was also

soft velvet and pressed down on both sides. The streamers, which cross it on top, are laid over the hair in back and tied together in a bow at the neck, falling in long ends far below the waist line. For the scoop bonnets all sorts of gorgeous flowers are used—dahlias, petunias, fuchias, deep red begonias and pink bleeding heart. The theater hoods may be made according to a woman's whims. They are often like that of Little Red Riding Hood, but are supposed to be copies of those worn during the French revolution. Some are like great coal scuttle bonnets covered smoothly with silk and the horseshoe circle around the face is edged with lace and a flower wreath. The streamers tied in front loosely, without a bow, are really long scarfs of chiffon edged with lace or frilling. They are intended primarily to wear on the way to and from a dance, a dinner or the opera or theater.

After the play or the opera, when women wait for carriages and are gossiping together in the theater lobby or under the awning, the hat-to-hat talks will result in funny scenes. The bonnets will in reality make well-walled tunnels or funnels under cover of which awful scandal—about the hostess, who has just given the dinner, or the actress who has just had the star part in the play—may be freely discussed. Mrs. Clarence Mackay and Miss Ethel Barrymore always get into quiet corners at the Colony Club, having hat-to-hat talks, the enormous brims of their snow white picture hats (at least a hundred a year) of the same shape—medium crowns and wide straight brims. "I know they are out of style," she would say, "but I like them," and the decision was final.

Mrs. Henry Codman Potter is in mourning now, of course, but for many years she was the only woman in New York whose chapeaux would bring forth the remark: "Why, that's a bonnet like what mother used to wear." It was a bona fide, unmodified and unmodernized bonnet with narrow strings. Like Mrs. Vanderbilt, she had many boxes all filled with bonnets, different in color and material, but all of exactly the same shape. On festive occasions, when the sweet, placid lady, for instance, would honor a bride by her presence, the sprig or a little wreath of flowers would be more gay in color. Of course, there is also Hetty Green's bonnet, but her headgear is bulgy and puffy, and more like a toque with strings.

Then there is Mrs. O. H. Harriman, who eternally wears a hat tilted over her forehead. These whims of women in society are all hit off so drolly in

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a little time-yellowed book about hats written before the Revolutionary war. It belonged to Cholly's great-grandfather. It applies to people of today, for styles may change, but not the ways of human beings. This old writer said: "We can distinguish, by the taste of the hat the mode of the wearer's mind. With Quakers it is a point of their faith not to wear a button wherewith a brim may be looped up tight in front. Their hats spread over their heads and darken the outward man to signify they have the inward light. Others do not alone half cover their heads, which is, indeed, due to the shallowness of their crowns. Between beaver and eyebrows, there is a piece of blank forehead like a surveyor's plan. Indeed, people should hide as much of the face as possible, for few there are but have done something for which they ought to be out of countenance."

SWITZERLAND LABOR COLONIES

The success of the Swiss farm colonies depends upon a few simple propositions; That, although it is difficult to make money out of land, it is easy to secure a living from land: that everybody who is not infirm can, under direction, soon be fitted to do remunerative work on land; that, thanks to recent improvements in agriculture, many more men can be supported per acre of land today than a few years ago; that work on land is physically and morally regenerating.

It is a pity that students of this subject generally confine their examination of farm colonies to those of Holland, and, above all, to that of Merxplas in Belgium. This last can hardly be said to be a farm colony at all. It is, on the contrary, a large industrial village with a population of from 5,000 to 6,000, chiefly devoted to industry, with a relatively small farm attached thereto, the farm contributing an insignificant part of its productive capacity.

The Swiss, on the contrary, have adopted a system of small farms, each farm occupying no more than 300 men, thus making it possible for the director to be acquainted individually with every one of them. The industries on these farms are relatively insignificant, and are only there for the purpose of giving employment to those who are unfitted for agricultural work, and during those months of the year when little work can be done in the fields. The surveillance, instead of being confided to an expensive soldiery, is confided to farmhands, who not only exercise a sound and moral influence over the inmates, but, incidentally earn their wages by the work they do on the land.

Moreover, the Swiss have discovered how indispensable it is that by the side of every forced-labor colony for tramps there be also a free-labor colony for the unemployed. Nothing interferes more with the discipline of a tramp colony than the presence of innocent unemployed, who tend to relax the discipline necessary for the tramp, and nothing is more unjust to the unemployed than to put them in daily and hourly contact with the tramp. Also, the character of the discipline necessary in the one case is totally different from that needed in the other. The tramp needs some severity and even coercion; the unemployed, on the contrary, needs only such regulation as is indispensable in every factory or farm. In Switzerland, therefore, the colonies where discipline and coercion are used are confined to tramps and misdemeanants, and the free-labor colonies are open to the unemployed, who, in lieu of discipline and coercion, find ordinary factory regulations and encouragement. At Witzwyl, too, a very interesting experiment has been tried. Around the forced-labor colonies is a collecton of farms, to which the inmates of the forced colonies are encouraged to go when their term has expired. At these farms a fair wage is paid; and, being removed from the temptations of town life, the inmates of the forced colonies have an opportunity of doing work under virtually free conditions, and thus completing the self-discipline necessary to fit them for restoration to the community at large.

As a full year must elapse before farm colonies could be instituted by the Legislatures, it is quite possible for private persons, or a corporation organized by private persons, to purchase tracts of land to which the unemployed could at once be put to the work of cultivating the soil. During the summer they could live in tents, and before winter they could construct buildings to protect them from the cold. The land so developed could either be sold to private individuals, or to the State as soon as a State farm bill was enacted.

Meanwhile, the rescue work now being performed by such organizations as the Christian Herald, the Industrial Alliance and the Salvation Army not only serve to lighten the task of the free-farm colony, but also demonstrates the feasibleness of giving work to the unemployed, if the effort is only made with resolution and courage. The Christian Herald is actually now placing the unemployed at work on farms, to the great satisfaction not only of the unemployed, but of the farmers to whom they are sent. The Industrial Alliance has for years been giving employment in this city under such efficient administration that with the exception of rent, which is paid by voluntary subscription, the proceeds of the work pay the cost of maintenance. And if this can be accomplished in the heart of the city, how much more easily can it be done upon a farm?—Exchange.

SERMONS IN SENTENCES.

Condemnation cures nothing.

Revenge never is so sweet as when foregone.

The critical eye remains longest in ignorance.

He is lost already to whom sacrifice appears as folly.

The doors to heaven are often in earth's lowliest places.

Keep the heart healthy and happiness will take care of itself.

Life barriers that resist all force crumble before friendship.

The weariest man in this world is the one who is running from work.

Sometimes fleeing from the devil is only a pretext for fleeing from duty.—Chicago Tribune.